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These considerations render a few preliminary observations necessary.....HUGH O'NIAL, representative and chief of the powerful family of that name, in the year 1587, accepted of a patent from Queen Elizabeth, creating him earl of Tir-owen....in the eyes of his kinsmen and followers, this acceptance was an act of submission, and the title itself a degradation: THE O'NIAL being a royal name and conferring on its holder kingly authority.

The mark of favour bestowed by Elizabeth was held by the Earl until 1595, in the spring of which year he suddenly called an assembly of the chiefs of his country, formally renounced the act of submission, and resumed the original distinguishing appellation of his forefathers, THE O'NIAL.

The cause of this alteration in his conduct has been variously accounted for; but an old tradition which is still current in the country where he flourished, attributes it wholly to the interference of a supernatural agent.

After relating in a simple style what is stated above; it tells that for three nights previous to the calling of the assembly, the Beanshee, *Beanshee*, or guardian spirit of the family was heard in his castle of Dungannon, upbraiding him with his submission, conjuring him to throw off the odious epithet with which his enemies had branded him, rousing him to a sense of his danger by describing the sufferings of some of the neighbouring chiefs, charging him to arm, and promising him assistance.

It will be obvious that to the latter part of the tradition this poem owes its origin.

"CAN ought of glory or renown,
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy name a *kingdom* and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king:"

These were the sounds that on the ear
Of Tir-owen's startled Earl arose,
That blanched his alter'd cheek with fear,
And from his pillow chac'd repose.

In vain was clos'd his weary eye,
In vain his prayer for peaceful sleep,
Still from a viewless spirit nigh,
Broke forth in accents loud and deep:

"Can ought of glory or renown,
To thee from Saxon titles spring?
Thy *name* a kingdom and a crown,
Tir-owen's chieftain, Ulster's king:

"Oft did thy eager youthful ear
Bend to the tale of Thomond's shame, 1
And in thy pride of blood didst swear
To hold with life thy glorious name:

"Yet, thou didst leave thy native land,
For honours on a foreign shore,
And for submission's purchas'd brand,
Barter'd the name thy fathers bore!

"Where are these fathers' *glories gone*?
The pride of ages that have been!
While tamely bows their traitor son,
The vassal of a Saxon Queen:

"While still within a dungeon's walls,
Ardmira's fetter'd prince reclines, 2
While I'Maoile for her chieftain calls, 3
Who in a distant prison pines:

"While from that corse, yet reeking warm,
O'er his own fields the life-streams flow;
Well mayst thou start!...that mangled form,
Once was thy friend Mac Mahon Roe! 4

"Forget'st thou that a vessel came
To Cineal's strand, in gaudy pride,
Fraught with each store of valued name,
That nature gave or art supplied:

"No voice to bid the youth beware,
Of banquets by the Saxon spread;
He tasted, and the treacherous snare,
Clos'd o'er the young O'Donnell's head: 5

"Hopeless, desponding still he lies,
No aid his griefs to soothe or end,
And oft in vain his languid eyes,
Turn bright'ning on his father's friend:

"Who was that friend?....a chief of power,
The guardian of a kingdom's weal,
Tir-owen's pride and Ulster's flower,
A prince, a hero, THE O'NIAL!

"He, at whose war-horn's potent blast,
Twice twenty chiefs in battle tried,
Unsheath'd the sword in warlike haste,
And rang'd their thousands on his side:

"But now he dreads the paths to tread,
That lead to honours, power and fame:
And stands each nobler feeling dead,
Nameless, who own'd a monarch's name!

"Shall Ardmir's prince for ever groan,
And I'Maoile's chief still fetter'd lye?
None for Mac Mahon's blood atone?
Nought cheer O'Donnell's languid eye?

"To thee they turn, on thee they rest,
Release the chain'd, revenge the dead,
Or soon the halls thy sires possest,
Shall echo to a stranger's tread:

" And in the sacred chair of stone, 6
The base Ne-gaveloc shalt thou see, 7
Receive the name, the power, the throne,
That once was dear as life to thee:

" Arise! for on his native plains,
His father's warriors marshall'd round,
O'Donnell freed from Saxon chains,
Shall soon the signal trumpet sound:

" And soon, thy sacred cause to aid,
The brave O'Cahan, at thy call, 8
Shall brandish high the flaming blade,
That fill'd the grasp of Cuie-na-Gall:

" Resume thy name, in arms arise,
Tear from thy breast the Saxon star,
And let the coming midnight skies,
Be crimson'd with thy fires of war!

" And bid around the echoing land,
The war-horn raise thy vassal powers,
And once again the BLOODY HAND, 9
Wave on Dungannon's royal towers!"

Tyrone, Sept. Z.X.

NOTES.

1 "Bend to the tale of Thomond's shame."
In the reign of Henry the eighth, the palace of Cluan-Road, near Ennis, in the county of Clare, the magnificent mansion of the chief of the O'Briens was burned to the ground by those of his own blood, in revenge for his having accepted of the comparatively degrading title of Earl of Thomond.

2 " Ardmira's fetter'd prince reclines."
O'Dogherty of Ardmir, who was seized and thrown into prison by the lord deputy Fitzwilliam.

3 " While I'Maoile for her chieftain calls."
O'Toole of I'Maoile, father to the wife of O'Nial, also imprisoned by Fitzwilliam.

4 " Once was thy friend Mac Mahon Roe!"
Hugh Roe Mac Mahon, chief of Monaghan, who was tried before Fitzwilliam, by a jury of common soldiers, and butchered at his castle door.

5 " Clos'd o'er the young O'Donnell's head."
O Donnell son of the chief of Tyrconnel, who was decoyed on board a vessel and carried prisoner to Dublin, where he was detained from his fourteenth until his twentieth year, when he made a desperate effort to escape, and succeeded.

6 " And in the sacred chair of stone."
The chair of stone on which the chiefs of the O'Nials were solemnly invested with the power and titles of chief of Tir-owen, and paramount prince of Ulster.

7 " The base Ne-gaveloc shalt thou see."
Hugh O'Nial illegitimate son of John, formerly chief of Tyrone, surnamed Ne-gaveloc, or the fettered, from his having been born during the captivity of his mother.

8 " The brave O'Cahan at thy call."
O Cahan of Cinachta descended from the famous Cuie-na-gall, who was celebrated for his exploits against the English.

9 " And once again the bloody hand."
The bloody hand is the crest of the name of O'Nial.

HYMNS OF CHARITY.

HYMN IV.

IN this fair globe, with ocean bound,
And with yon starry concave crown'd,
In earth below, in Heav'n above,
How clear reveal'd that God is Love.

I seem to hear th' angelic voice,
Which bless'd the work, and bade rejoice;
It vibrates still from ev'ry part,
And echoes through my grateful heart.

In God all creatures live and move,
" Motes in the sun-beam of his love;"
Vast Nature quickens in his sight,
Existence feels, and new delight.

Thro' glad creation's ample range,
Roll on the wheels of ceaseless change;
The Phœnix renovates his breath,
Nor dreads destruction e'en in death.

From ashes of this world, sublime,
Beyond the flight of thought or time,
On wings of Faith and Hope he soars,
And "Truth in Love," eternally adores.

HYMN V.

ALL Nature feels attractive pow'r,
A strong embracing force:
The drops that sparkle in the show'r,
The planets in their course.

Thus, in the universe of mind,
Is felt the law of love;
The charity both strong and kind,
For all that live and move.

In this fine sympathetic chain,
All creatures bear a part,
Their every pleasure, ev'ry pain,
Link'd to the feeling heart.

More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbour is the suff'ring man,
Though at the farthest pole.

To earth below, from heav'n above,
The faith in Christ profess'd,
More clear reveals, that God is love,
And whom he loves is blest.

Lo! how the sun, at glorious dawn,
The whole horizon fills,
When, all the starry host withdrawn,
He mounts the eastern hills!

HYMN VI.

THE heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain
The Universal Lord;
Yet he, in humble hearts, will deign
To dwell, and be ador'd.

Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and pray'r:
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The heav'n of God is there.

His presence, there, is spread abroad,
Where angels have not flown;
Who seek the mercies of their God
Are always near his throne.

C. H.

INSCRIPTION.

WRITTEN AT CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND, THE ROMANTIC SEAT OF H. HOWARD, ESQ.

READER if rocks, woods, waters, lawns, and meads,
Or ought of nature's captivating dress,